MARIALE NOVUM

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To my friend Sydney McCall
from "the only outside Contributor".
with the hope that neither the
Giver and the recipient will
be left outside at the Great
Day of Judgment.

L H W

11. Oct. 1911

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MARIALE NOVUM

ROEHAMPTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN GRIFFIN

MARIALE NOVUM: A SERIES OF SONNETS ON THE TITLES OF OUR LADY'S LITANY BY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

Longmans, Green, & Co.
39, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA
1907

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To

Robert Southwell S.J.

Poet Priest and Martyr

868802

PREFACE

Was it Pascal who remarked that if verse had been the only form of literary expression up to the time of Saint Ignatius, the Jesuits would certainly have been the discoverers of prose? Whoever is responsible for the mot, *this little book may perhaps to some extent play the part of a counter-blast. Its writers—fifteen in number—are all, with one exception, members of the English Province of the Society. The dedication, moreover, may serve to remind the reader that at least one English Jesuit has already secured a lasting place in the history of his country's poetic literature.*

The only outside contributor, to whom also is due the honour of having suggested the scheme, has written five of the sonnets.

The initial invocations to the Blessed Trinity are included in the plan of the series, and the addition of an introductory sonnet to Saint Joseph, together with two upon the refrain Ora pro nobis, *brings the total number up to sixty-three—the years, according to tradition, of Our Lady's life.*

In form the sonnets are nearly all Petrarchan; the third rhyme in the octave, as used by Wordsworth and others, being occasionally admitted. Strict upholders of the Petrarchan model may possibly object to the rather frequent occurrence of final couplets, but the theory which rejects them would not seem to be universally sound. When, at any rate, the last two lines gather up the thought of the sestett as the sestett itself should for the octave, the final couplet would appear to be allowable. Mater Salvatoris, *in the following series,*

might perhaps be pointed out as an example of what is meant. Two Shakespearean sonnets will also be found in the collection, and two of a frankly unauthorized form which may be described as intermediate between the Petrarchan and Shakespearean.

One or two remarks may be added with regard to the illustrations from the Vulgate. We are but following the ancient practice of the Church in applying to Our Lady words applicable in their primary sense to God's chosen and sanctified people, to Wisdom (*in the Sapiential books*), *or even to the Messiah Himself. Many things said of Christ may be said without unfitness of any of the saints, his Members —much more of his sinless Mother who by her* Fiat *to the Angel Gabriel, and by her agony of* com*passion on Calvary, stands first among those who fill up the things that are wanting of the sufferings of*

the Redeemer. Her claim to appropriate the praises of Wisdom—"*Primogenita ante omnem creaturam*"—*rests partly on the wisdom so plentifully bestowed upon her by God, and partly on the prior place which as Mother of the Saviour she holds in the entire scheme of creation. Lastly, of all God's chosen Mary is most chosen, and might well be called the microcosm of his spousal Church.*

Acknowledgements are due to the editors of the Irish Monthly, Stella Maris, Stonyhurst Magazine, *and other periodicals, in which some of the following sonnets have already appeared.*

Lady Day, 1905.

*** *Sonnets by the same hand are signed with the same letter of the Greek alphabet.*

Ante torum huius
Virginis frequentate
nobis dulcia can-
tica dramatis.

Accipe puerum et matrem eius.

Matt. ii. 20.

Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi: In domum Domini ibimus.

Ps. cxxi. 1.

In sanctitate et iustitia coram ipso, omnibus diebus nostris.

Luc. i. 75.

INTRODUCTORY SONNET TO SAINT JOSEPH

Did thy heart never fail thee at the thought
That in thy keeping—thine—God's treasures lay—
God's Son,—God's Mother? and that day by day
Jesus and Mary from thy one heart sought
That love which Love Divine would fain have wrought
In a whole world? and that no other ray
Should cheer the desolate darkness of their way
Than the one gleam from thy dear presence caught?

Through desert Egypts still their pathway lies;
Still Bethlehems are roomless for their King;
But we their help to-day, and ours the eyes
In which they look to find love's wakening.
Bless then, dear Saint, our voice that fain would rise
To spread their praise, and their sweet names to sing.

a

Sub tuum praesidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genetrix, nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

Ante templum postulabam pro illa, et usque in novissimis inquiram eam. Laetatum est cor meum in ea; a iuventute mea investigabam eam. Inclinavi modice aurem meam, et excepi illam.

Ecclus. li. 19.

Ecce audivimus eam in Ephrata; invenimus eam in campis silvae.

Ps. cxxxi. 6.

SUB TUUM PRAESIDIUM

Come hither you whose hearts are quivering lyres
The great world wakens into joyful strains,
You for whose eyes the fields, and woods, and lanes
Are yet a pleasant sight that never tires,
Whose souls are lit with morning, winged with fires,
Tender as leaves that drink the April rains,
And dedicate to God as woodland fanes
Where jubilant psalms go up from feathered choirs.

Come to her side, and pluck her robe, and gaze
Into that face, and tell her what you will;
Seek not for subtle thought or courtly phrase,
But let your love well up and overspill,
And pour about her feet for endless days
A stream impassable to aught of ill.

β

Kyrie eleison.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci; ut iustificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum iudicaris.

Ps. l. 6.

Tu autem dominator virtutis, cum tranquillitate iudicas, et cum magna reverentia disponis nos; et bonae spei fecisti filios tuos, quoniam iudicans das locum in peccatis poenitentiae.

Sap. xii. 18.

KYRIE ELEISON

O God, our Maker, Ancient Beauty, hear
This low still cry thy sinners make to Thee:
The world goes by, and turning, laughs; but we—
Tear-blinded eyes, and hearts wherethrough the spear
Of shamèd love has gone, of love's sharp fear—
Cry to Thee o'er the ravening wastes of sea
That threat our lonely shores thus ceaselessly,
Even though angry, Lord, to feel Thee near.

Patient and meek as children will we wait,
Trusting, thy lifted rod. We will be glad
E'en thus to know Thee Father—and more sad
For thy love wounded than for any pain—
So we, of that eternal Love create,
May stand with praise before Thee once again.

7

Christe eleison.

Ipse enim Spiritus testimonium reddit spiritui nostro, quod sumus filii Dei. Si autem filii, et heredes, heredes quidem Dei, coheredes autem Christi, si tamen compatimur, ut et conglorificemur. Vanitati enim creatura subiecta est non volens, sed propter eum qui subiecit eam in spe, quia et ipsa creatura liberabitur a servitute corruptionis in libertatem gloriae filiorum Dei.

Rom. viii. 16.

CHRISTE ELEISON

O God, who in thy wisdom didst beset
Our path about with beauty and delight,
And with earth's fleeting vision didst unite
So much of Heaven, Thou wilt not forget
Our substance as Thou madest it, nor let
This beauty dazzle us: yea, if our sight
Catch but faint glimpses of Thee in the bright
World of thy fashioning—bear with us yet!

Christ be our Advocate! If Thou who art
The Firstborn of the Father, yet wast made
Subject, that so his slaves might be to Thee
Brethren—then slaves no longer, but in part
Gods with their Brother—need we be afraid
To meet Him after in eternity?

δ

Kyrie eleison.

Et spiritus et sponsa dicunt: Veni. Et qui audit, dicat: Veni. Et qui sitit, veniat; et qui vult, accipiat aquam vitae gratis.

Apoc. xxii. 17.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Lucis tuae radium,
Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.

Miss. in Dom. Pentecostes.

KYRIE ELEISON

Come, Holy Ghost!—yet, dare I bid Thee come
To shrine thy sacred Presence in this heart
So stain'd and chain'd with earth-loves—Thou who art
The very Love of God? Yet one pure home
Is thine and mine as well: in Mary's breast
Lay Christ Incarnate 'neath thy brooding wings;
Thy Pentecostal advent only brings
Thy constant Presence closer. There my rest;
There may I meet thy Mercy, Love Divine;
There may I bathe me in thy breathèd fires,
Till they burn up the dross of my desires
And light my darkness—till my will is Thine,
And I know nought but Christ—till that glad hour
When my heart, too, made pure, proclaims thy Mercy's power.

a

Christe audi nos.

Qualis est dilectus tuus ex dilecto, o pulcherrima mulierum? Qualis est dilectus tuus ex dilecto, quia sic adiurasti nos? Dilectus meus candidus et rubicundus; electus ex milibus.

Cant. v. 9.

Egredimini et videte regem in diademate quo coronavit illum mater sua in die desponsationis illius, et in die laetitiae cordis eius.

Cant. iii. 11.

CHRISTE AUDI NOS

We saw no sightliness, O Christ, in Thee,
Thy look was hidden, we esteemed Thee not:
And soon thy sacred image was forgot,
That should have lightened our captivity.
Then came there one who touched our eyes, and she
Made clear thy beauty, and the sight begot
Strong love of Thee: and while our hearts are hot
We cry, *Christ hear us!* and Thou sett'st us free.

Christ hear us! for the stress of fight is sore,
And, Lord, Thou knowest what there is in man:
The path we tread, lo, Thou hast trod before,
And Thou hast loved us ere the world began:
Be with us, Master, till the morning break,
And shadows flee, and we who dream awake.

δ

Christe exaudi nos.

Et sint parati in diem tertium; in die enim tertia descendet Dominus coram omni plebe super montem Sinai. Constituesque terminos populo per circuitum, et dices ad eos: Cavete ne ascendatis in montem, nec tangatis fines illius: omnis qui tetigerit montem, morte morietur.

Exod. xix. 11.

Ecce sto ad ostium et pulso: si quis audierit vocem meam, et aperuerit mihi ianuam, intrabo ad illum, et cenabo cum illo et ipse mecum.

Apoc. iii. 20.

CHRISTE EXAUDI NOS

Not in the thunder-cloud of Sinai,
With fearful lightnings and the trumpet-sound
Keeping the marches of the Holy Ground,
Comest Thou to thy people now; so nigh
Thou art to each we have no need to cry
Far off upon Thee: there is set no bound
To our communion, and we have found
Joy in our labour, knowing Thou art by.

Christ, when the lamp of life is burning low,
And shadows thicken round us—at the end—
We shall remember that we called Thee friend,
And heard Thee speaking with us on the way:
So at thy call, naught fearing, we shall go
Out of the darkness to the perfect day.

δ

Pater de caelis Deus,
miserere nobis.

Forsitan vestigia Dei comprehendes, et usque ad perfectum Omnipotentem reperies? Excelsior caelo est, et quid facies; profundior inferno, et unde cognosces?

Iob xi. 7.

Quoniam tanquam momentum staterae sic est ante te orbis terrarum, et tanquam gutta roris antelucani quae descendit in terram. Sed misereris omnium, quia omnia potes; et dissimulas peccata hominum, propter poenitentiam. Diligis enim omnia quae sunt, et nihil odisti eorum quae fecisti.

Sap. xi. 23.

PATER DE CAELIS DEUS

Our sight grew dim with gazing in the skies
To find Thee, Heaven-Father ; and the earth
To which we turned, seemed barren to give birth
To the great thought of God ; and when our eyes
Were blind with weeping over mysteries
That held yet hid Thee, we left tears for mirth,
Angry, despairing, to delude our dearth—
Till of its lonely famine our soul dies.

Father, in the pure heaven of Mary's soul
Thy mercy hath lit up Truth's perfect sun ;
In Him we bless Thee, hallowing thy Name
For that in her through Him thy Kingdom came
Wherein we work till all thy Will be done,
And working reach the God we made our goal.

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,
miserere nobis.

Hostiam et oblationem noluisti, corpus autem aptasti mihi; holocautomata pro peccato non tibi placuerunt. Tunc dixi: Ecce venio.

Hebr. x. 5.

Eum qui non noverat peccatum, pro nobis peccatum fecit, ut nos efficeremur iustitia Dei in ipso.

2 Cor. v. 21.

Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt sibi; iustitia et pax osculatae sunt. Veritas de terra orta est, et iustitia de caelo prospexit.

Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

FILI REDEMPTOR MUNDI DEUS

Lo! Each in Each the Blessed Three delight:
Till Love Eternal seems to overspill
Its Triune bounds, and free for good or ill
Man fronts his God: and in his God's despite
Rebels and dies. Ah! then from out the height
Of sealèd peace He came; and on the Hill
In sin's own likeness agonized until
The scarlet guilt of sin like wool shone white!

O Love! Emmanuel!—we never may
Search all the deeps of that impassioned name!
Sin possible gave right to love: the same
Hatefully chosen brought Redemption's day:
And now indeed we love, and hot with shame
Spurn back the cry: *He maketh but to slay!*

γ

Spiritus Sancte Deus,
miserere nobis.

Sensum autem tuum quis sciet, nisi tu dederis sapientiam, et miseris Spiritum Sanctum tuum de altissimis.

Sap. ix. 17.

O quam bonus et suavis est, Domine, Spiritus tuus in omnibus!

Sap. xii. 1.

SPIRITUS SANCTE DEUS

Over the darksome waters Thou didst brood
When earth was void and formless ; thine the dove
That to the Ark brought emblem of thy love
When men lay buried 'neath the penal Flood ;
Thine the faint whisper that in prayerful mood
The prophets heard. And thine from heights above
The Pentecostal rains of fire that move
E'en yet thy Church dear-bought with Jesus' Rood.

Louder than roar of sea that shouts to sea,
Thy rousing tempest rings through time and space ;
Clearer than clarion blast of victory,
Thy message to a Blood-redeemèd race ;
Sweeter and gentler than the first Ave,
Thy soft low pleading full of saving grace.

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus,
miserere nobis.

Quoniam quis in nubibus aequabitur Domino? similis erit Deo in filiis Dei?

Ps. lxxxviii. 7.

Gratia vobis et pax adimpleatur in cognitione Dei et Christi Iesu Domini nostri. Per quem maxima et pretiosa nobis promissa donavit, ut per haec efficiamini divinae consortes naturae.

2 Pet. i. 2.

Existimabam ut cognoscerem hoc; labor est ante me, donec intrem in sanctuarium Dei, et intelligam in novissimis eorum.

Ps. lxxii. 16.

SANCTA TRINITAS UNUS DEUS

Father, that dost unthinkably beget
Thy co-substantial Utterance Divine ;
Whence—Mutual Love Eternal, His and Thine—
Proceedeth evermore the Paraclet,
Grant us in Him to pay the infinite debt
We owe Thee ; for, united to thy Son
By that adorèd flesh He hath put on,
Lo ! even in us that Mutual Love hath met.

And hear us Thou, sweet Spirit of Desire,
Cry *Abba, Father !* in our hearts for aye !
And, Jesu, weld us in thy Heart of fire,
Fast unto Thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way !
So, Father, shalt Thou lift us from the mire,
Own us thy sons, and wipe our tears away.

γ

Sancta Maria,
ora pro nobis.

Oleum effusum nomen tuum.

Cant. i. 2.

Soror nostra es, crescas in mille milia, et possideat semen tuum portas inimicorum suorum.

Gen. xxiv. 60.

SANCTA MARIA

Mary, blame not my hardihood that I,
Who so revere my Queen's eternal state
Men do but guess at—angels contemplate,—
Use not those titles now of homage high
The quiring hosts would fain express thee by,
Yet still come short of God's full estimate.
But just one simple name that makes *me* great:
Maiden of earth, O *Sister*, is my cry!

Most holy Mary, how shall I appraise
Rightly such kinship—not too far, too strange
To crush me with its greatness, but enough
The whole low tenour of my life to change,
Turn sweet the bitter, smooth and fair the rough,
Dear Sister, of thy lowliest brother's ways.

ζ

Sancta Dei Genetrix,
ora pro nobis.

Quam magnificata sunt opera tua, Domine! nimis profundae factae sunt cogitationes tuae!

Ps. xci. 6.

Sancta et immaculata virginitas, quibus te laudibus efferam, nescio. Quia quem caeli capere non poterant, tuo gremio contulisti.

Off. B.M.V.

Factum est silentium in caelo.

Apoc. viii. 1.

SANCTA DEI GENETRIX

How shall I speak? Angels forsake their hymn,
And Heaven's awed seas of adoration lie
Hush'd, and the waves of thundered *Sanctus* die.
How shall I speak, from earth's remoter rim?
How should I look when the strong Seraphim
Veil with wide wings from eyes of ecstasy
The glory of God's greatest mystery—
How should I look—I of earth-vision dim?

Ah, Bethlehem, I needs must come to thee;
Needs must I tread thy rock and feel thy cold,
And follow sense across thought's infinite night;
And kiss the hem of God's humility,
Touch the tired hands that God's frail flesh enfold;
So speak those names, so rest me in that sight.

a

Sancta Virgo Virginum,
ora pro nobis.

Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi, qui pascitur inter lilia.

Cant. ii. 16.

Adolescentulae dilexerunt te. Post te curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum.

Cant. i. 2.

Ecce tu pulchra es, amica mea! ecce tu pulchra es! Oculi tui columbarum.

Cant. i. 14.

SANCTA VIRGO VIRGINUM

Silent their days! They live to men unknown
On Carmel's height, or in the cloistered cell
Of sweet Saint Clare, or where earth's poorest dwell;
Daughters of charity whose deeds atone
For prouder sisters' harshness—lilies sown
By God's hand among thorns; in earth's dark dell
The white buds break and unto blossoms swell
Until He come to cull them for his own.

These are thy virgins, Mary, taught by thee
God's secret never dreamed on earth till thou,
First of all virgins, took'st the virgin's vow
His, and his only, evermore to be.
Wherefore, about the Lamb, thou leadest now
Their canticle of glad virginity.

ζ

Mater Christi,
ora pro nobis.

Dico autem: Quanto tempore heres parvulus est, nihil differt a servo, cum sit dominus omnium; sed sub tutoribus et actoribus est usque ad praefinitum tempus a patre.

Gal. iv. 1.

Et descendit cum eis, et venit Nazareth; et erat subditus illis. Et Jesus proficiebat sapientia, et aetate, et gratia apud Deum et homines.

Luc. ii. 51.

MATER CHRISTI

Mother of the Anointed—at thy knee
Child-like He stood, with lifted eyes, to say
The words thy meek lips taught Him. Day by day
Child-like He stood—a very child to see ;
Yet with the chrism of his Divinity
Anointed Priest and King—beneath whose sway
The world should bow. Lady, in what strange way
Might He learn Kingcraft, and Priest's lore from thee?

We know not this : but well we know one thing :
Thou wert his Mother, and thy Mother's heart
Somehow with God's own wisdom was made wise
To teach thy Son. Then turn thy Mother's eyes
On us thy later children, and impart
Lessons of loyalty to Christ, our King.

ζ

Mater divinae gratiae,
ora pro nobis.

Dixerunt: Hereditate possideamus sanctuarium Dei. Sicut ignis qui comburit silvam, et sicut flamma comburens montes, ita persequeris illos in tempestate tua, et in ira tua turbabis eos.

Ps. lxxxii. 13.

Transivimus per ignem et aquam; et eduxisti nos in refrigerium.

Ps. lxv. 12.

MATER DIVINAE GRATIAE

When Adam first conceived the fiery seed—
Preposterous commerce!—from a woman's word,
Unto a forest-fire the spark was stirred,
And blasted down the centuries to feed
On God's ungodlike likeness in its greed,
Till from the sin-charred wilderness was heard
Another woman's voice whose will concurred
With the Divine, another fire to breed.

Then fire and blood stayed back the older flame,
A quenching, cleansing blood, a living fire,
Rekindling God-like life in Adam's line.
Mary's the scatheless womb whence our life came
As light from pearls and music from the lyre,
Our new birth's well-spring, Mother of Grace Divine.

Mater purissima,
ora pro nobis.

Ecce luna etiam non splendet, et stellae non sunt mundae in conspectu eius.

Iob xxv. 5.

Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te.

Cant. iv. 7.

MATER PURISSIMA

Mother most Pure! The Himalayan snows,
That since the morning of the World have lain
White as when God created them, would stain
Thy whiter feet: the furthest star that glows
In the uncharted heavens, white-blazing, close
To God's right hand that made it, yet would gain
A purer glory if thine eyes should deign
To smile upon the service that it shows.

O Earth-born Mother, undefiled of Earth,
Despise us not who kneel and reach to thee
Earth-spotted hands; but, Mother, grant us this:
That we be purer made by that pure birth
By which thou wert, and art, and still shalt be
Mother most pure of Him who Pureness is.

Mater castissima,
ora pro nobis.

Dixit autem Maria ad angelum: Quomodo fiet istud, quoniam virum non cognosco?

Luc. i. 34.

Tu gloria Ierusalem, tu lactitia Israel, tu honorificentia populi nostri; quia fecisti viriliter, et confortatum est cor tuum, eo quod castitatem amaveris, ideo et manus Domini confortavit te, et ideo eris benedicta in aeternum.

Iudith xv. 10.

MATER CASTISSIMA

With soft alarm the innocent shepherds filed
In through the open door. One flickering light
Showed the dumb beasts, showed Joseph, till the sight,
There, further in, 'mid fragrant fodder piled,
Reached the Girl-Mother bowed above her Child
Motionless, with gaze intent and bright,
Even as the wide gaze of the starry night
For eager stillness, rapture peace-beguiled.

Shepherds, be glad! This is your Shepherd-King!
But may He have no royaller welcoming?
Ah, ye shall find, through all the broad world's ways,
No couch so nigh befitting for His rest
As this dear Maiden's undefilèd breast,
No song to praise Him as her heart may praise.

Mater inviolata,
ora pro nobis.

Dum esset rex in accubitu suo, nardus mea dedit odorem suum.

Cant. i. 11.

Concupiscet rex decorem tuum, quoniam ipse est Dominus Deus tuus, et adorabunt eum.

Ps. xliv. 12.

Porta haec clausa erit; non aperietur, et vir non transibit per eam, quoniam Dominus Deus Israel ingressus est per eam; eritque clausa Principi. Princeps ipse sedebit in ea.

Ezech. xliv. 2.

MATER INVIOLATA

Too deep thy peace upon thy Father's breast,
O Word Divine, for man to penetrate
Within the veils that bid him stand and wait,
Shut out beyond the silence of thy rest!—
Nay! The white beauty of one Virgin blest,
And where all else was sin, inviolate—
Breathes its pure fragrance through thy Heaven's gate—
Draws down to earth thy love made manifest.

No shrine inviolate have I for Thee,
No virgin-heart, no rest nor refuge meet,
When Thou art faint with seeking souls of men:
Yet may the broken heart of Magdalen
Bring Thee love's tears for love's lost purity,
And bathe in fragrance thy beloved feet.

Mater intemerata,
ora pro nobis.

Et dixit Dominus Deus ad mulierem: Quare hoc fecisti? Quae respondit: Serpens decepit me, et comedi.

Gen. iii. 13.

Et ingressus angelus ad eam dixit: Ave, gratia plena; Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Luc. i. 28.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace
Mutans Evae nomen.

Off. B.M.V.

MATER INTEMERATA

Hail, Queen triumphant! On thy brow of snow
Laurel and lily, rose and myrtle meet;
That false fierce head lies crushed beneath thy feet,
And broken is the might that brought man low.
God's love inspired, God's wisdom planned it so—
Since of the tree accurst did woman eat,
That woman, crown'd with sinlessness complete,
Should share with Christ in Satan's overthrow.

What matters Eden lost, and woes and fears!
Our race is nobler for that trespass dire;
God is made Man to raise the curse of years,
And fallen Nature soars in Mary higher
Than were the gates ne'er closed, nor in Eve's tears
Shone the far glitter of that sword of fire.

λ

Mater amabilis,
ora pro nobis.

Servi tui dilexerunt te nimis.

Off. B.M.V.

Animam meam direxi ad illam, et in agnitione inveni eam. Possedi cum ipsa cor ab initio; propter hoc non derelinquar. Quid adhuc retardatis? Et quid dicitis in his: Animae vestrae sitiunt vehementer? Aperui os meum, et locutus sum: Comparate vobis sine argento. Lactetur anima vestra in misericordia eius, et non confundemini in laude ipsius.

Ecclus. li. 27.

MATER AMABILIS

How do I love thee, O my Mother dear?
I love thee as the Queen o'er all things placed,
The Woman of all women chiefly graced,
My Lady, my Protectress ever near;
I love thee as the star serene and clear
Before whose shining every cloud is chased,
The Rose that earth put forth, and of a waste,
Became Eve's paradise resurgent here.

How do I love thee, O my Mother blest?
I love thee with a love no words of men,
Nor passionate strain of melody can touch;
With all that in my own poor self is best,
With all I give my dearest ones, and then
Ten thousand times ten thousand times as much.

Mater admirabilis,
ora pro nobis.

Ego ex ore Altissimi prodivi, primogenita ante omnem creaturam; ego in altissimis habitavi, et thronus meus in columna nubis. Et in omni terra steti, et in omni populo et in omni gente primatum habui. Tunc praecepit, et dixit mihi creator omnium; et qui creavit me requievit in tabernaculo meo. Et dixit mihi: In Iacob inhabita, et in Israel hereditare, et in electis meis mitte radices. Et sic in Sion firmata sum, et in civitate sanctificata similiter requievi, et in Ierusalem potestas mea.

Ecclus. xxiv. 5.

Leva in circuitu oculos tuos, et vide: omnes isti congregati sunt, venerunt tibi; filii tui de longe venient, et filiae tuae de latere surgent.

Isai. lx. 4.

MATER ADMIRABILIS

Wonder of God! Let reverent lips recite
Thy perfect praise. Love-lit, thine eyes could see
The truth sin veils from us in mystery.
The circuit of creation's depth and height
Thou hast encompassed. Hope's sublimest flight
Can reach no further than the thought of thee,
Sole type of what God willed mankind to be,
Fair Moon of beauty radiant with his light.

For thou wert dwelling in the Eternal Mind,
Creation's crown! ere heaven and earth were made:
And when the world's foundations had been laid
Thou wert the chosen Mother of mankind,
Alone most perfect, in whose peerless state
All God's created glories culminate.

Mater boni consilii,
ora pro nobis.

Ego quasi vitis fructificavi suavitatem odoris; et flores mei fructus honoris et honestatis. Ego mater pulchrae dilectionis, et timoris, et agnitionis, et sanctae spei. In me gratia omnis viae et veritatis; in me omnis spes vitae et virtutis. Transite ad me, omnes qui concupiscitis me, et a generationibus meis implemini. Qui edunt me adhuc esurient, et qui bibunt me adhuc sitient.

Ecclus. xxiv. 23.

MATER BONI CONSILII

Fair Love, and holy Hope, Knowledge, and Fear,
These are thy fruits: and thou, the virgin vine—
Fragrance goes out from thee, and sacred wine
That whoso drinks shall thirst the more, and hear
The wide boughs murmur peace, and linger near
The mystic Vineyard where thy tendrils twine—
Love interlaced with Fear, and, in divine
Espousals, Knowledge wedding Hope most dear!

O Vine of our delight we cling to thee,
Feed us with Counsels of Eternity!
Ah, were our knowledge deep as our desire,
Our love as burning, and our hope more vast—
We should be bold to seek thee, and to cast
Beneath thy spreading branches, hearts of fire.

δ

Mater Creatoris,
ora pro nobis.

Haeccine reddis Domino, populc stulte et insipiens? Numquid non ipse est pater tuus, qui possedit te, et fecit et creavit te?

Deut. xxxii. 6.

Ego enim scio cogitationes quas ego cogito super vos, cogitationes pacis et non afflictionis.

Ier. xxix. 11.

MATER CREATORIS

How can I fly Thee, who createdst me?
Whose present Will impenetrates this flesh
That nets the soul Thou breathest in its mesh
Till my whole self is flooded through by Thee?
Yet soul and flesh have challenged thy decree—
Of themselves naught, wax insolent to dare
To use the power thy presence bids them share
In mad sin-struggle with thy Majesty.

What are thy thoughts of me, God's Mother, thou
Whose perfect work 'midst men thou only art?
How burns the twofold worship of thy heart
When to my Maker I disdain to bow,
And to the Father, of whose love I live,
Terror and hate are all my soul can give?

Mater Salvatoris,
ora pro nobis.

Videbunt in quem transfixerunt.

Ioan. xix. 37.

Et tuam ipsius animam pertransibit gladius, ut revelentur ex multis cordibus cogitationes.

Luc. ii. 35.

Benedicta es tu, filia, a Domino Deo excelso, prae omnibus mulieribus super terram. Quia hodie nomen tuum ita magnificavit ut non recedat laus tua de ore hominum pro quibus non pepercisti animae tuae propter angustias et tribulationem generis tui.

Iudith xiii. 23.

MATER SALVATORIS

If I would learn those thoughts I climb with thee
The dreadful hill where God my Saviour dies;
Watch his torn flesh for my flesh agonize,
Stamped on his soul my soul's sin-leprosy;
No grace is left, nor peace, nor dignity.
The flaming thirst of his death-fever dries
The blood and tears that blind his haggard eyes.
Christ on his Cross suffers my hell for me.

Yet 'tis here first thou callest me thy son,
Glad of the sorrowful path that Jesus trod,
Glad of the Motherhood thy griefs have won
If it have knit my sonship back with God.
And ah, what thoughts thy heart had yet concealed
The sword of grief that pierced it has revealed!

a

Virgo prudentissima,
ora pro nobis.

Dabo tibi thesauros absconditos; et arcana secretorum, ut scias quia ego Dominus.

Isai. xlv. 3.

Dixi: Secretum meum mihi, secretum meum mihi.

Isai. xxiv. 16.

Generositatem illius glorificat, contubernium habens Dei, sed et omnium Dominus dilexit illam. Doctrix enim est disciplinae Dei, et electrix operum illius.

Sap. viii. 3.

VIRGO PRUDENTISSIMA

Sharer of God's deep counsels, crownèd Queen
Of all his works, and graced more lovely-bright
Than e'en that dawn-star fallen to endless night,
How prudent wert thou, Child, in heart and mien
So close the secret of thy King to screen
Within thy musing breast, and on a height
So lofty and so lone to walk aright,
With mind as clear as thy young heart was clean!

Most Prudent, who didst count the world as dross
For worship of the Babe upon thy knees,
And welcome woes as boundless as the seas
For worship of thy Christ upon the Cross,
May we too give our all, nor count it loss,
To purchase pearls of so great price as these.

λ

Virgo veneranda,
ora pro nobis.

Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Luc. i. 48.

Surrexerunt filii eius, et beatissimam praedicaverunt.

Prov. xxxi. 28.

Vocaverunt presbyteros civitatis; et concurrerunt ad eam omnes, a minimo usque ad maximum, et accendentes luminaria congyraverunt circa eam universi.

Iudith xiii. 14.

VIRGO VENERANDA

She stood beside the door, her heart possessed
With joyful presagings. The sky was flame
As through the gathering dusk of even came,
Shrining the World's Desire in her white breast,
The Maiden Mary. *Wilt* thou *be my guest,*
Thou Mother of my Lord? At that sweet name
Outburst the glorious Canticle's high claim:
All ages yet unborn shall hail me Blest.

So—once, at Rome, in this our far-off day—
I mused while lights and banners filled the way.
They passed; but still the distant echoes woke
With *Ave! Ave!* wafted back to us;
And sudden from a hundred towers broke
The long clear pealings of the Angelus.

Virgo praedicanda,
ora pro nobis.

In laetitia egrediemini, et in pace deducemini; montes et colles cantabunt coram vobis laudem, et omnia ligna regionis plaudent manu; pro saliunca ascendet abies, et pro urtica crescet myrtus, et erit Dominus nominatus in signum aeternum quod non auferetur.

Isai. lv. 12.

Dixit autem Maria: Fiat.

Luc. i. 38.

VIRGO PRAEDICANDA

How can my song lack matter, Mother mine,
So that I sing of thee? No blossom blows
In the wild woods, no mountain-torrent flows,
Sun, moon, nor stars in varied splendour shine,
No hill heaves up his forehead to the skies,
Grey, purple, green, or gold as wears the day,
No russet wood-lark pipes his cheery lay,
But in thy praises one with other vies.

I sing but as I hear all Nature sing;
She was my nurse, and since I was a child,
Rhymed but of thee, the Maiden Undefiled.
Mother of Earth's Redeemer, Heaven's King,
Hymning thy praise my chant were never done,
And though it cease, that swelling strain rolls on.

μ

Virgo potens,
ora pro nobis.

Et die tertia nuptiae factae sunt in Cana Galilaeae; et erat mater Iesu ibi.

Ioan. ii. 1.

Petitionem unam parvulam ego deprecor a te; ne confundas faciem meam. Et dixit ei rex: Pete, mater mea; neque enim fas est ut avertam faciem tuam.

3 Reg. ii. 20.

Date vinum his qui amaro sunt animo.

Prov. xxxi. 6.

VIRGO POTENS

Quick was her gentle spirit to divine
What lacked at Cana's feast; and pity thrilled
In her low plea to Jesus, nothing chilled
By that dark word: *Not yet the hour is mine.*—
Ah, no! 'tis *hers!* To her will He resign
This first glad hour of prophecies fulfilled—
For, as He watched her face, the love-look spilled
Beyond, and smote the water into wine!

Oh, sith He can reject no suit of thine,
Pray that the turbid spring of this un-tilled
Bare vineyard of my heart, so wayward-willed,
May be sucked up into the Sacred Vine,
And in the grapes that on His branches shine,
Unto the Drink of Virgins be distilled.

Virgo clemens,
ora pro nobis.

Cum vidisset ergo Iesus matrem et discipulum stantem, quem diligebat, dicit matri suae; Mulier, ecce filius tuus. Deinde dicit discipulo: Ecce mater tua.

Ioan. xix. 26.

Et signum magnum apparuit in caelo: mulier amicta sole, et luna sub pedibus eius, et in capite eius corona stellarum duodecim; et in utero habens, clamabat parturiens, et cruciabatur ut pariat.

Apoc. xii. 1.

VIRGO CLEMENS

Two-fold this Virgin's Motherhood : delight,
And rapture of maternal gladness wed
With starry calms of her young maidenhead
At that first child-bearing on Christmas night.
But with what anguish, in what bitter plight
Did she bring forth, upon the Hill of Dread,
Those latest-born, the while her Firstborn bled
That He might save them in their own despite !

O Tender-kind and Merciful of Heart—
That heart made strong and deep enough to share
Thy Jesu's agony—how good thou art
To us that wrought his woe ! How thou dost bless,
And pardon, and heap favours, till we dare
Unto thy healing bring our wretchedness !

Virgo fidelis,
ora pro nobis.

Potestis bibere calicem, quem ego bibiturus sum?
Matt. xx. 22.

Omnes vos scandalum patiemini in me in ista nocte. Scriptum est enim: Percutiam pastorem, et dispergentur oves gregis.
Matt. xxvi. 31.

Stabat autem iuxta crucem Iesu mater eius.
Ioan. xix. 25.

VIRGO FIDELIS

She rode not with Him when, a King, He rode
Mid tossing palms and thunders of acclaim,
Nor stood on Thabor when the inner flame
Of Godhead white through face and garment glowed.
But when the Father, wroth with sinners, showed
His love no more, and men, hating his name,
O'erwhelmed Him in a sea of woe and shame,—
Ah, then, his Mother by his Cross abode.

Her heart sword-pierced, more loyal as more tried,
God's trust in that last test did not belie ;
'Twas hers to stand and see her loved one die,
'Twas hers, when He had left her, to abide ;
How gladly had she mounted to his side
If only love like hate could crucify !

λ

Ora pro nobis, quoniam mulier sancta es, et timens Deum.

Iudith viii. 29.

Absit a me ut cessem orare pro vobis; et docebo vos viam bonam et rectam.

1 Reg. xii. 23.

ORA PRO NOBIS

Mary, did ever, at thy cottage door,
A limping beggar plead, and plead in vain?
Rose ever groan from off a bed of pain
In Nazareth—did e'er his tale outpour
Some home-returning prodigal, implore
Thine aid to win a welcome back again
Unto his own—did ever child complain,
And fail to feel thy mercy, flowing o'er?

Mary, whom endless ages all should bless,
Who hast thyself a homeless wanderer been,
Mary, God's master-work of tenderness,
Made perfect at thine own Son's death-bed scene,
Pity a wanderer's, outcast's, child's distress:—
Art changed Maid-Mother, now thou art a Queen?

v

Speculum iustitiae,
ora pro nobis.

Factum est autem, cum haec diceret, extollens vocem quaedam mulier de turba, dixit illi: Beatus venter qui te portavit, et ubera quae suxisti. At ille dixit: Quin imo beati, qui audiunt verbum Dei, et custodiunt illud.

Luc. xi. 27.

Una est columba mea, perfecta mea.

Cant. vi. 8.

SPECULUM IUSTITIAE

Mary, that thou art Mother of our God,
Yet keepest still the Virgin's better part ;
That thou hast never felt the poisoned dart
Of sin original ; that with thy rod
Thou sway'st the highest heavens, and on thy nod
Star-shepherding angels wait ; or that thou art
Of us, Christ's mystic Body, very Heart—
Glad are we, Queen ! Yet for that thou hast trod,
Perfect in love, this vale of sin and fears,
Far more we joy ;—we joy with burning tears
That once at least impassioned Love Divine,
Gazing with blood-dimmed vision from His rood
In human eyes, saw there no faintest sign
Of faithlessness—no least ingratitude.

γ

Sedes sapientiae,
ora pro nobis.

Palpavimus sicut caeci parietem, et quasi absque oculis attrectavimus; impegimus meridie quasi in tenebris, in caliginosis quasi mortui. Exspectavimus iudicium, et non est; salutem, et elongata est a nobis.

Isai. lix. 10.

Apud te est fons vitae; et in lumine tuo videbimus lumen.

Ps. xxxv. 10.

SEDES SAPIENTIAE

Light, light to live, or light at least to die!
Ah, world-old cry ; more tired, more sad to-day,
Since the great Light men loved once dies away,
And we sit still beneath a sunless sky
Only to watch new shadows drifting by
The darker for each dawn's deceitful ray ;—
Still at our noontide veiled with viewless grey,
Starless for us hangs night's blind canopy.

Mother of God ; through thee descends to man
Light Inaccessible. Thy maiden's hands,
That veil God's glory in earth's swaddling-bands,
Are strong to lift us when none other can,
To lift and lead us through faith's twilit lands
Into the vision of God's perfect plan.

a

Causa nostrae laetitiae,
ora pro nobis.

Sicut servus desiderat umbram, et sicut mercenarius praestolatur finem operis sui, sic et ego habui menses vacuos, et noctes laboriosas enumeravi mihi.

Iob vii. 2.

Convertisti planctum meum in gaudium mihi; conscidisti saccum meum, et circumdedisti me laetitia.

Ps. xxix. 12.

Et unde hoc mihi ut veniat mater Domini mei ad me?

Luc. i. 43.

CAUSA NOSTRAE LAETITIAE

When Sadness, tyrant master of my soul,
Bids me remember, and within the scope
Of memory's irrevocable scroll—
Too sad for sorrow and too dull for hope—
Learn all the future in the past, and see
In that midnight no promise of the day,
And in those faded dreams that stole from me
My waking hours, fit types of my decay—
Then to my fallen trust my faith is kind,
And joy declining starts to life again:
For through the changing hurry in my mind,
Pictures of thee and Nazareth remain,—
    Thou standest, maidenly, and to thy breast
    Foldest my Hope, and all my fears have rest.

δ

Vas spirituale,
ora pro nobis.

Postea sciens Iesus quia omnia consummata sunt, dixit: Sitio.

Ioan. xix. 28.

Bibe, domine mi.

Gen. xxiv. 18.

Calix meus inebrians quam praeclarus est.

Ps. xxii. 5.

VAS SPIRITUALE

'Twas noon, and Mary sat beside the well:
Thick all about the clustering lilies grew:
The sun from every taintless chalice drew
A fragrance sweet and heavy like a spell:
No bird sang: the breeze paused and fell:
In trance lay all the waiting world—and through
The breathing stillness heard, and trembled to
The awed low greeting of Prince Gabriel.

Hail! full of grace: hail! lily-bloom brimmed o'er
With dew the heavens rain down, the heavens breathe up:
O priceless vase, most holy loving-cup,
Of virgin gold with festal roses twined,
Whence God may drink and slake for evermore
His strange sweet thirst for love of human-kind.

Vas honorabile,
ora pro nobis.

Numquid cognoscentur in tenebris mirabilia tua? et iustitia tua in terra oblivionis?

Ps. lxxxvii. 13.

Venit ad regem, et surrexit rex in occursum eius, et sedit super thronum suum; positusque est thronus matri regis, quae sedit ad dextram eius.

3 Reg. ii. 19.

VAS HONORABILE

When Mary died, Saint Thomas, unaware,
(The legend runs) afar off held his way;
Yet, soon returned, was bold in doubt to say:
Believe I will not till I kiss her hair!
Then to the rock-tomb did the brethren fare,
And set it wide;—but therein only lay
Strange blossoms never seen before that day;
And music fell like rain through the still air.

And is there one so dead to love or ruth
But deems that legend here is very truth?
Or one, that follows Christ, who will affirm
This Shrine of the great Victor o'er the grave—
This Spring-head of the Veins that bled to save—
Once to have known corruption and the worm?

γ

Vas insigne devotionis,
ora pro nobis.

Incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.

Ps. l. 8.

Erigit mane, mane erigit mihi aurem, ut audiam quasi magistrum. Dominus Deus aperuit mihi aurem, ego autem non contradico; retrorsum non abii.

Isai. l. 4.

Confiteor tibi, Pater, Domine caeli et terrae, quia abscondisti haec a sapientibus et prudentibus, et revelasti ea parvulis.

Matt. xi. 25.

VAS INSIGNE DEVOTIONIS

Through the dark glass of faith we look on these
High mysteries—God's manhood, man's divine
Upraising—for our eyes are held: but thine
Saw in the light of day, upon thy knees,
All Mystery Incarnate: by degrees
Grew with His growth the clearness, till at last
The bright swift keenness of thy vision pass'd
The veils of the eternal Verities!

Vessel of God's own fashioning—the height
Of his achievement! As the potter takes
Clay of the rarest, and for pure delight
One matchless vase, inimitable, makes—
So God formed thee, and set thee where the light
Eternal on thy finished beauty breaks.

δ

Rosa mystica,
ora pro nobis.

Coronemus nos rosis antequam marcescant; nullum pratum sit quod non pertranseat luxuria nostra. Haec cogitaverunt, et erraverunt; excaecavit enim illos malitia eorum, et nescierunt sacramenta Dei.

Sap. ii. 8.

Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agrum, commoremur in villis. Mane surgamus ad vineas; videamus si floruit vinea, si flores fructus parturiunt, si floruerunt mala punica; ibi dabo tibi ubera mea. Mandragorae dederunt odorem. In portis nostris omnia poma: nova et vetera, dilecte mi, servavi tibi.

Cant. vii. 11.

ROSA MYSTICA

Dull eyes, unhearing ears, and leaden feet,
Slack limbs entangled in the net of things,
Faint hopes that struggle on dishevelled wings—
We turn, O God, about thy Mercy Seat!
Folly, that mocks Thee, calls us from the Street,
And foolish Wisdom in her Temple sings:
Ourselves are all we know! and laughing, flings
A crown of roses, crying: *Life is fleet!*

And our hot hands as eagerly they thrust
To grasp them, close upon a little dust.
So from their purple witchery that grows
Faded before us, Oh, we turn to thee,
Bathing our eyes in thy white purity,
Fragrance of God, O thou God's Mystic Rose!

δ

Turris Davidica,
ora pro nobis.

Sicut turris David collum tuum, quae aedificata est cum propugnaculis: mille clipei pendent ex ea, omnis armatura fortium.

Cant. iv. 4.

Ego quippe dedi te hodie in civitatem munitam, et in columnam ferream, et in murum aereum, super omnem terram, regibus Iuda, principibus eius, et sacerdotibus, et populo terrae. Et bellabunt adversum te, et non praevalebunt.

Ier. i. 18.

TURRIS DAVIDICA

Four-square against the leaguered hosts of hell
The Lord of Hosts hath set in sight of all,
Splendidly strong, and beautiful, and tall,
The Tower of David as his Citadel.
Ever without the shouts of battle swell,
And there are ranged upon her sunlit wall,
Heartening their comrades like a trumpet-call,
The scarred shields of God's saints who, fighting, fell.

Not yet the end. Fight on! faint not nor fail!
Though still by breathless day, and wearier night,
Backward and forward reels the relentless fight,
God's Tower shall stand though Hell itself assail.
For He builds strong who made it, and his might
Against the powers of darkness shall prevail.

θ

Turris eburnea,
ora pro nobis.

Et maiestas Domini ingressa est templum per viam portae quae respicicbat ad orientem. Et elevavit me spiritus, et introduxit me in atrium interius; et ecce repleta erat gloria Domini domus. Et audivi loquentem ad me de domo; et vir qui stabat iuxta me dixit ad me: Fili hominis, locus solii mei, et locus vestigiorum pedum meorum, ubi habito in medio filiorum Israel in aeternum.

Ezech. xliii. 4.

TURRIS EBURNEA

What palace-temple of the mystic East
Bequeathed this title to thy Litany?
What wide courts jubilant with minstrelsy,
What tower-chambers whence the weary priest
Might watch the still sky when the psalms had ceased—
Watch the still spires of fretted ivory,
And pass to God in lonely ecstasy,
And with the Angels hold sublimer feast?

Mary, within thy courts all nations meet
To praise the King whose citadel thou art
And temple, and the altar is thy heart,
And thy white soul his chosen mercy-seat;
And by thy stair we shall find strength to part
With earth for heaven, and climb, and reach God's feet.

a

Domus aurea,
ora pro nobis.

Sapientia aedificavit sibi domum.

Prov. ix. 1.

Beatus vir qui requiescit iuxta domum illius, et, in parietibus illius figens palum, statuet casulam suam ad manus illius.

Ecclus. xiv. 25.

DOMUS AUREA

Wisdom hath built Himself a house: the Hand
That poised the world's star-crusted dome of blue,
And wrought for man's delight with scent and hue
To fill his home with loveliness; that planned,
In green sea-deeps or caverns of the land,
Strange beauties mortal eye may never view—
Nay, iris-gleams from fields of heaven drew
To tint the shell, tide-tost upon the sand—
That Hand hath fashioned an abode on earth
For God to dwell in; with what fair design,
How perfect pure, how exquisitely decked,
Alone may know the All-Wise Architect,
Who destined Mary, ere her stainless birth,
To be the Mother of his Son Divine.

λ

Foederis arca,
ora pro nobis.

Ingressusque Moyses et Aaron, dimissa multitudine, tabernaculum foederis, corruerunt proni in terram, clamaveruntque ad Dominum, atque dixerunt: Domine Deus, audi clamorem huius populi, et aperi eis thesaurum tuum fontem aquae vivae, ut satiati, cesset murmuratio eorum.

Num. xx. 6.

Hortus conclusus soror mea; sponsa, hortus conclusus, fons signatus. Fons hortorum, puteus aquarum viventium, quae fluunt impetu de Libano.

Cant. iv. 12.

FOEDERIS ARCA

Whom Israel, through centuries of prayer
Importunate, about the Holy Shrine
Of Covenant, long yearned for, it was thine
Within the Casket of thy Womb to bear.
Love's Hostage He, and thou, his Almoner—
Under that ancient Compact He did sign
And seal on Calvary with his Blood divine—
Largesse of pardon pourest everywhere.

Yea, after sin hath forfeited the count
Of mercies written in the bond forspent,
Nor compact thou regardest, nor amount,
But still of that unfailing Spring which first
From the Sealed Garden of thy bosom burst,
Grace in uncovenanted floods is sent.

π

Ianua caeli,
ora pro nobis.

Haec porta Domini, iusti intrabunt in eam.

Ps. cxvii. 20.

Beatus homo qui audit me, et qui vigilat ad fores meas quotidie, et observat ad postes ostii mei. Qui me invenerit inveniet vitam, et hauriet salutem a Domino.

Prov. viii. 34.

Intrent ut astra flebiles;
Caeli recludis cardines.

Off. B.M.V.

IANUA CAELI

Some, in each age, deem they have found the gate
That leads to Heaven, and summoning the crowd
Have cried unto them : *Hear ye not the loud*
Song of the angels ?—But these, patient, wait
While the day passes, while night waxes late,
With caught breath listening, eager, forward-bowed
In trembling hope at length to see the cloud
Shattered, and Love triumphant over Hate.

Heard they their own heart shake against its bars?
Or some faint echo from the Morning Stars?
Ah ! Mother, bid them in thy portals lie,
And hear His voice who died that we might live ;
Hear, far, but clear, the angel minstrelsy,
And taste the peace that He alone can give.

P

Stella matutina,
ora pro nobis.

Quasi stella matutina in medio nebulae, et quasi luna plena, in diebus suis lucet.

Ecclus. l. 6.

Super salutem et speciem dilexi illam, et proposui pro luce habere illam, quoniam inextinguibile est lumen illius.

Sap. vii. 10.

STELLA MATUTINA

Star of the Morning—Herald of that Sun
That rose upon five thousand years of night
And made it day for ever—in thy sight
Shall all God's stars their little courses run.
That handmaid star—that other earthly one
That in the pure grey rift before the light
Hangs in the eye of morning, shall be bright
Only till Time his trivial task has done.

But thou eternal Star, shalt always shine,
And even in God's full glory still shalt show
To us in Heaven's extremest courts afar
A tender point of light upon the glow,
Forever heralding a dawn divine,
Star of the Morning—God's most dearest Star.

Salus infirmorum,
ora pro nobis.

Mulierem fortem quis inveniet? procul et de ultimis finibus pretium eius. Manum suam aperuit inopi; et palmas suas extendit ad pauperem. Non timebit domui suae a frigoribus nivis; omnes enim domestici eius vestiti sunt duplicibus.

Prov. xxxi. 10.

Statuet filios suos sub tegmine illius, et sub ramis eius morabitur. Protegetur sub tegmine illius a fervore, et in gloria eius requiescet.

Ecclus. xiv. 26.

SALUS INFIRMORUM

I thought of Lourdes, and of the little maid
Who knelt before the vision of her Queen,
And of the sweet words spoken. Then the scene
Changed, and I saw the crowds that knelt and prayed
With hands out-stretched for this dear Mother's aid.
And as the bright smiles broke where tears had been,
I knew her power had risen up between
Pain and the sufferer, and Death's hand was stayed.

And wherefore thus? I questioned, *why should she*
Heal our poor bodies that must surely die?
Faith breathed the answer: *Even though death must be,*
Is this no sign of tender love whereby
Poor timid souls may know their Mother near
Our ills to succour and our prayers to hear?

Refugium peccatorum,
ora pro nobis.

Dixitque ei rex: Quae est petitio tua, Esther, ut detur tibi, et quid vis fieri? Etiamsi dimidiam partem regni mei petieris, impetrabis. Ad quem illa respondit: Si inveni gratiam in oculis tuis, O rex, et si tibi placet, dona mihi populum meum pro quo obsecro.

Esther vii. 2.

Penetrabo omnes inferiores partes terrae, et inspiciam omnes dormientes, et illuminabo omnes sperantes in Domino.

Ecclus. xxiv. 45.

REFUGIUM PECCATORUM

Thronged are thy courts with suitors, where thy kin
Thus trustfully from thine exalted place
Implore thy partial pleading, Queen of Grace,
And ask thy human tears to cleanse therein
All of our much ingratitude of sin ;
Nor dare we meet our Lord's offended face
Save from the shelter of thy deep embrace.
Refuge of Sinners, late though we begin
To know thee whom Love's last divine excess
Bequeathed us for our Mother, not in vain,
Oh not in vain for all our wilfulness
We children reach forth piteous hands to gain
The sanctuary of thy hushed caress,
And the clasped arms against our just arraign.

π

Consolatrix afflictorum,
ora pro nobis.

Cui comparabo te, vel cui assimilabo te, filia Ierusalem? Cui exaequabo te, et consolabor te, virgo, filia Sion? Magna est enim velut mare contritio tua; quis medebitur tui?

Thren. ii. 13.

Satiavit animam inanem, et animam esurientem satiavit bonis. Sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis; vinctos, in mendicitate, et ferro.

Ps. cvi. 9.

Consolatur nos in omni tribulatione nostra ut possimus et ipsi consolari eos qui in omni pressura sunt.

2 Cor. i. 4.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM

Dolorous Mother! sorrow's deepest deep
Was trodden by thy steps, and out of pain
Thy soul has harvested the precious grain
Of sympathy with all whoever weep ;
So that beneath our weight of care we creep
To hear thy words of comfort, not in vain ;
For at their sound hope buds and flowers again,
And frozen brooks of gladness laugh and leap.

Oh, unto hearts grief-laden make us kind,
Comforters in our turn of them that mourn ;
From selfish sadness keep us far away ;
If tears must flow, at least let tears not blind
Our eyes to other cheeks with weeping worn,
To trembling lips that scarce have strength to pray.

β

Auxilium Christianorum,
ora pro nobis.

Quae est ista quae progreditur quasi aurora consurgens, pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol, terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata?

Cant. vi. 9.

Haec populum iustum et semen sine querela liberavit a nationibus quae illum deprimebant.

Sap. x. 15.

Cessaverunt fortes in Israel, et quieverunt, donec surgeret Debbora, surgeret mater in Israel. Nova bella elegit Dominus.

Iudic. v. 7.

AUXILIUM CHRISTIANORUM

The Help of Christians! Not with casque and spear
And ægis flashing, to her people's aid,
When hope hath fled, and hearts are sick with fear,
Comes in her might serene the Mother Maid,
On her in dolour as her children cry,
The children of her dolour 'neath the Rood,
When darkness ruled the hour o'er earth and sky,
When with her Son, her soul sword-pierced, she stood.
Gleam on her brows the roses red and white,
Fragrant with breath of mysteries august;
A Queen she moves, to vindicate her right,
Her own to succour who in her have trust.
She comes,—and at her vision from afar
In headlong rout are hurled the hosts of war.

Regina Angelorum,
ora pro nobis.

Audivi vocem angelorum multorum in circuitu throni.

Apoc. v. 11.

Praecedetque te angelus meus, et introducet te.

Exod. xxiii. 23.

Gaude, Virgo Maria; cunctas haereses sola interemisti in universo mundo.

Off. B.M.V.

REGINA ANGELORUM

When God beneath his untried Angels' gaze
Unfolded Bethlehem and bade adore
The little Babe—bow down the Maid before—
While some flamed wrath, or faltered in amaze,
There sprang from Michael's eyes love's curbèd blaze:
Then thundered up his rallying shout, and o'er
The rebel yell of thousands, thousands more
Caught up the cry: *To Mary Queen be praise!*

O wondrous! to have struck with lightning aim
The heart of Mystery! They reasoned thus
That cried *Theotokos!* through Ephesus
To prove their Saviour God. And thou didst shame
Rebellion best, a mortal like to us
Queen of the Firstborn Princes to proclaim!

Regina Patriarcharum,
ora pro nobis.

Iuxta fidem defuncti sunt omnes isti, non acceptis repromissionibus, sed a longe eas aspicientes, et salutantes, et confitentes quia peregrini et hospites sunt super terram.

Heb. xi. 13.

Quoniam doctrinam quasi antelucanum illumino omnibus, et enarrabo illam usque ad longinquum. Adhuc doctrinam quasi prophetiam effundam, et relinquam illam quaerentibus sapientiam, et non desinam in progenies illorum usque in aevum sanctum.

Ecclus. xxiv. 44.

REGINA PATRIARCHARUM

Child of their questioning hopes, and patient prayer—
Light on their path whose ever broadening ray
Grew through the mists that dimmed their brightest day—
Clear at the head of Israel's heavenward stair,
Calm above Sinai's storm-clouds, and more fair
To cheer them onwards than the light that lay
On Canaan's promised hill-tops far away,
Till the full Light had found its rising there.

O thou one answer to the mysteried past—
Thou with the Christ-light living on thy breast—
Be day to me as thou wast dawn to them!
Till in thy gathered glory at the last
I reach full revelation, and may rest
In the clear peace of my Jerusalem.

a

Regina Prophetarum,
ora pro nobis.

Fili hominis propone aenigma, et narra parabolam ad domum Israel.

Ezech. xvii. 2.

Replesti in comparationibus aenigmata.

Ecclus. xlvii. 17.

REGINA PROPHETARUM

So loved their heart what scarce their thought could see,
So sweet the vision of thy Virgin-grace,
So dark the days to which thy God-lit face
Promised the glory of a Day to be,
That their whole soul leapt into song for thee,
Cried thee across the centuries' voiceless space,
Wrestled with God to find the words to trace
The outline of thy manifold mystery.

Yes, it was God who fired their soul to speak,
God who had made the vision far too fair
For any language; God who bids me dare
Myself to speak forth Mary, bids me seek
In my life's stammered phrases to express
The story of our Lady's loveliness.

a

Regina Apostolorum,
ora pro nobis.

Hi omnes erant perseverantes unanimiter in oratione cum mulieribus, et Maria matre Iesu.

Actus i. 14.

Beati sunt qui te viderunt, et in amicitia tua decorati sunt.

Ecclus. xlviii. 11.

REGINA APOSTOLORUM

When the bright order of Joy's ritual meet,
In Heaven's courts some love-lit festal-day,
Calls the twelve Princes of the Tribes to pay
Their Lady homage,—with regard how sweet
She biddeth each one in his heart repeat
Dear tender memories of the pilgrim-way,
When Queen they called her not, but Guide and Stay,
Finding all rest and comfort at her feet.

Then Peter minds him of the tears he shed
O'er hands that taught his stricken soul to rise;
John, of another pillow for his head;
Philip, the end of many a mystery-search;
Thomas, of doubts that melted in the eyes
Of this strong Mother of the infant Church.

Regina Martyrum,
ora pro nobis.

Nigra sum, sed formosa, filiae Ierusalem, sicut tabernacula Cedar, sicut pelles Salomonis. Nolite me considerare quod fusca sim, quia decoloravit me sol. Filii matris meae pugnaverunt contra me; posuerunt me custodem in vineis, vineam meam non custodivi.

Cant. i. 4.

Ne vocetis me Noemi (id est pulchram), sed vocate me Mara (id est amaram), quia amaritudine valde replevit me Omnipotens.

Ruth i. 20.

Ecce in pace amaritudo mea amarissima.

Isai. xxxviii. 17.

REGINA MARTYRUM

O little Maid and meek—but O fair Queen
Set high above the Angels' soaring praise—
The very stillness of thine earthly days
(So hidden with thy Child in God) hath been
A stumbling-block to all that have not seen
How Love-in-anguish walks by secret ways.—
And ah! how low the love-chant that allays
The inwoven anguish, only Martyrs ween!

Then in what music passed thy Motherhood—
And in what voiceless pain—who silent stood
While Love was dying, silent while He bled
For thee and us: who while thy heart was torn
For Him and us, in silence saw Him born
To woo us living, and to win us dead.

δ

Regina Confessorum,
ora pro nobis.

Videte quoniam non soli mihi laboravi, sed omnibus exquirentibus veritatem.

Ecclus. xxiv. 47.

Quam pulchri super montes pedes annuntiantis et praedicantis pacem.

Isai. lii. 7.

Indutus est iustitia ut lorica, et galea salutis in capite eius; indutus est vestimentis ultionis, et opertus est quasi pallio zeli.

Isai. lix. 17.

REGINA CONFESSORUM

Thy Knights, O Queen, ride forth by East and West,
By South and North through all the world they ride ;
By town and hamlet, coast and countryside,
They bear thy token proudly on their crest,
And in thy name are all men's wrongs redressed,
And for thy love are all men's wants supplied ;
Seeing the honour of the Crucified
Is ever in all love of thee confessed.

Such knights are Basil, Benedict, and he,
The Poor Man of Assisi's sainted shrine,
And Dominic, and that dear lord of mine
Dauntless Loyola. Queen, we too would be
Thy knights made strong with one grave smile of thine
To wear thy favour, and break lance for thee.

Regina Virginum,
ora pro nobis.

Multae filiae congregaverunt divitias; tu supergressa es universas.

Prov. xxxi. 29.

Specie tua et pulchritudine tua intende, prospere procede et regna, propter veritatem et mansuetudinem et iustitiam. Dilexisti iustitiam, et odisti iniquitatem; propterea unxit te Deus, Deus tuus, oleo laetitiae prae consortibus tuis. Myrrha, et gutta, et casia a vestimentis tuis, a domibus eburneis: ex quibus delectaverunt te filiae regum in honore tuo.

Ps. xliv. 5.

REGINA VIRGINUM

Song falters praising white Simplicity!
She in the Virgins' inmost Heaven dwells,
Where God to one clear stainless dawn compels
His rainbow glows epiphanal that be
The joy of outer Courts; and to one key
Sweet-sounding names of every virtue quells,
Till out of truth, trust, meekness, patience swells
The Agnus-chant of singlest ecstasy.

Softly they sing (the words no man may ween),
Sweetly as children draw their quiet breath;
And midst them moves, and tender blessing saith—
Fairest of form, and lowliest of mien—
Mary, the village-maid of Nazareth,
Mother of God, and all creation's Queen!

Regina Sanctorum Omnium,
ora pro nobis.

Gyrum caeli circuivi sola, et profundum abyssi penetravi, in fluctibus maris ambulavi. Et radicavi in populo honorificato, et in parte Dei mei hereditas illius, et in plenitudine sanctorum detentio mea.

Ecclus. xxiv. 8.

Revertere, revertere, Sulamitis! revertere, revertere, ut intueamur te!

Cant. vi. 12.

Elevate signum ad populos.

Isai. lxii. 10.

REGINA SANCTORUM OMNIUM

The Saints have seen God's glory as it passed
Across the world in shadow; and their eyes
Were blinded, and they uttered forth great cries,
And stretched wide arms to clasp the whole world fast,
Filled with deep longing that mankind at last
Might know the joy of those high verities.
The vision of God they saw: but cold surmise,
Hatred, and scorn upon them all were cast.

But yet thou, Mary, Queen of that bright band,
Hast found in lowliness the voice of might,
Hast found a voice to speak the things of God.
Thou, who alone the holiest place hast trod,
Returning liftest up before our sight
Thy little Babe, that all may understand.

ρ

Regina sine labe
originali concepta,
ora pro nobis.

Per unum hominem peccatum in hunc mundum intravit, in quo omnes peccaverunt.

Rom. v. 12.

Ne timeas Maria, invenisti enim gratiam apud Deum.

Luc. i. 30.

Dominus possedit me in initio viarum suarum. antequam quidquam faceret a principio. Ab aeterno ordinata sum, et ex antiquis, antequam terra fieret. Nondum erant abyssi et ego iam concepta eram.

Prov. viii. 22.

REGINA SINE LABE ORIGINALI CONCEPTA

Before Eve was, or there was any sin,
Thy sinless soul in God's self was contained;
And ere the world was lost the world was gained
Through thee whose Son should our redemption win.
How should that shrine, whose virgin walls within
God's stainlessness was hid, have e'er been stained
When lo! at Nazareth His house ordained
From all eternity God entered in!

Thou art returned to Him Immaculate
From whom, Immaculate, thy fair soul came:
And as a flame is gathered to a flame,
In Him for ever blessed thou keep'st thy state:
Queen without sin conceived, to thee we call
From out the depths—help thou, and save us all.

θ

Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii,
ora pro nobis.

Obaudite me, divini fructus, et quasi rosa plantata super rivos aquarum fructificate. Quasi Libanus odorem suavitatis habete. Florete flores quasi lilium; et date odorem, et frondete in gratiam; et collaudate canticum, et benedicite Dominum in operibus suis.

Ecclus. xxxix. 17.

Surge, aquilo; et veni auster; perfla hortum meum et fluant aromata illius. Veniat dilectus meus in hortum suum, et comedat fructum pomorum suorum.

Cant. iv. 16.

REGINA SACRATISSIMI ROSARII

It chanced that Mary (in Bethania then)
Thinking of Nazareth, sighed—and sudden smiled,
Remembering how when Jesus was a child,
She kissed pricked fingers in the Rose Garden.
And Jesus knew and said: *Dear Mother! when*
My work is done, thou shalt be crowned and styled
Queen of Rose Gardens sweet and undefiled,
And plant a Rosary in the hearts of men!

So Mary chose her gardener, and gave—
Long afterwards—the preacher saint to know
How he should plant this Rosary of prayer
Where she may always wreathèd roses have;
And as she plucks still countless thousands grow
And fill the Courts of Heaven with rose-sweet air.

θ

Regina Societatis Iesu,
ora pro nobis.

Inice pedem tuum in compedes illius. In novissimis enim invenies requiem in ea, et convertetur tibi in oblectationem. Et erunt tibi compedes eius in protectionem fortitudinis, et bases virtutis, et torques illius in stolam gloriae.

Ecclus. vi. 25.

Non est discipulus super magistrum, nec servus super dominum suum. Sufficit discipulo ut sit sicut magister eius; et servo, sicut Dominus eius.

Matt. x. 24.

REGINA SOCIETATIS IESU

Before his Lady's shrine the pilgrim Knight,
In star-kissed Montserrate's lonely fane,
Kept vigil, passioning that she would deign
To choose him champion of her Jesu's right.
Then, as along the wall the morning light
Glowed through the martyrs in the orient pane,
He hung his brand across the roseate stain,
And gat him swordless to the unending fight.

Ah! grant us, Mary, by that pledge, that we,
Jesu's Companions, oned in charity,
May spend, in joy and simpleness of thought,
Our lives for them that hate us, like thy Son—
Still holding it unprofitably done
Save as Himself in us the deed hath wrought.

Precor ut dicas regi, neque enim negare tibi quidquam potest.

3 Reg. ii. 17.

Libera me, et pone me iuxta te, et cuiusvis manus pugnet contra me.

Iob. xvii. 3.

ORA PRO NOBIS

Nor length of days, nor wealth of gold I crave,
Nor nobler wealth of knowledge or of art ;
For God hath set a yearning in the heart
Of man that nothing satisfieth save
His love alone. But thou to whom He gave
A share in sin's redemption—by the dart
That pierced thy soul, bid me with thee have part ;
And as a seal thy sinlessness engrave
Upon my soul ; and as Christ crucified
Is imaged on the Host of Sacrifice,
My heart with thy form sealed and sanctified
Uplift upon the altar of the skies,
That it may be, in Christ's Blood purified,
A censer whence love's fragrances arise.

T

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
parce nobis, Domine,
exaudi nos, Domine,
miserere nobis.

Dicunt montibus et petris: Cadite super nos, et abscondite nos a facie sedentis super thronum, et ab ira Agni. Quoniam venit dies magnus irae ipsorum; et quis poterit stare?

Apoc. vi. 16.

Ipse autem vulneratus est propter iniquitates nostras, attritus est propter scelera nostra. Oblatus est quia ipse voluit, et non aperuit os suum; sicut ovis ad occisionem ducetur; et quasi agnus coram tondente se obmutescet, et non aperiet os suum.

Isai. liii. 5.

Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de manibus tuis.

Ord. Miss.

AGNUS DEI

None but Thy Blood can ever take away
The sin that stains our every word and deed:
None but Thy wounded Hands, Thy Feet that bleed,
Can heal our wounds, and find the feet that stray.
Thou at whose word the heavens in dismay
Shall pass in smoke, ah spare us in our need—
Hear Thou our litanies that intercede
For mercy, Lord, ere that thy dreadful day.

Thou in whose arms God's silent Victim lies;
Thou from whose flesh God fashions Him his own;
In whose strong heart He sets the altar-stone
Whereon thy Son for us thy children dies—
Plead thou the Sacrifice whose Blood alone
Can make our offering pure before God's eyes.

a

Sub tuum praesidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genetrix, nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

Intret in conspectu tuo oratio mea. Inclina aurem tuam ad precem meam. Quia repleta est malis anima mea, et vita mea inferno appropinquavit.

Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

Intrans in domum meam, conquiescam cum illa; non enim habet amaritudinem conversatio illius, nec taedium convictus illius, sed laetitiam et gaudium.

Sap. viii. 16.

SUB TUUM PRAESIDIUM

Come you whose hearts are weary unto death,
Whose feet have paced along life's thorny way,
Who know the hopes that promise and betray,
Whose jaded souls can feel not any breath
From far peaks blowing down that quickeneth,
Who dread foul beasts lying in wait to slay,
Who hear the tempter, and day after day,
Behold the falsehood proved of all he saith.

Come to her, nathless, you, and take her hand,
And whisper in her ear your tale of dole;
She will not chide you, she will understand;
And peace, a strange indweller in your soul,
Shall see her looks reflected through the land,
And love heal every smart, and make you whole.

β

SUPPLICES OFFERIMUS
TIBI VIRGO PIA
HAEC LAUDUM PRECONIA
FAC NOS UT IN VIA
DUCAS CURSU PROSPERO
ET IN AGONIA
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